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THE PHANTOMTM ANNUAL



Five Days of the Dragon

THE PHANTOM

ANNUAL

"Five Days of the Dragon"

~chapter one~

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art: RUBEN PROCOPIO

colors: VAL STAPLES

~chapter two~

story: TONY BEDARD

art: ALLAN GOLDMAN

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~chapter three~

story: CHUCK DIXON

art: GRAHAM NOLAN

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story: RAFAEL NIEVES

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FROM THE CHRONICLES
OF THE 3RD PHANTOM

October, 1667.

An emperor of ancient China gathered the magicians, alchemists and wise men of his court and commanded them to tame a great dragon that threatened his kingdom.

This they did, trapping the dragon in a statue of precious jade, which was then split into five pieces and presented to the emperor.

The dragon's awesome might, they told him, could be unleashed only when the five pieces were joined.

The Emperor was well pleased, knowing he now had a great and terrible weapon at his disposal.



The Emperor unleashed the dragon's power when faced with invading hordes from the north, or barbarians from the south.



None could stand against him, and he lived to see his dotage.



Upon his deathbed, the Emperor gave each of his five sons one piece of the dragon, so that its power could be summoned only by their unanimous agreement.



In the intervening centuries, the five pieces were stolen or lost, passing through the hands of scoundrels as well as saints...



...ultimately scattered to the four corners of the Earth, never to be seen again.



Or so the story goes.



Word has reached me that a supposed piece of this dragon was found amongst a treasure discovered by Dutch traders in Sumatra.



The riches were placed upon a ship making the return voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, bound for Europe.



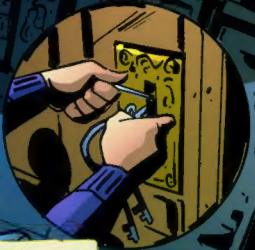
But the treasure never reached its destination.



The ship was intercepted and plundered by the vile pirates of the Singh Brotherhood.



The crew, to a man, was put to the sword, and the treasure carried off.



The Singh are the sworn enemies of my father, and my father's father before him.

More, it is their evil that
was responsible for creating
The Ghost Who Walks.

THE PHANTOM.





THE MUCH
STORIED
PHANTOM...



...NOTHING
MORE THAN A
COMMON THIEF?
SHOCKING.

I IMAGINE
COMMON THIEVERY
IS A SUBJECT YOU'RE
INTIMATELY
FAMILIAR WITH,
KATAR SINGH.

THEN IT'S
UNCOMMON
THIEVERY THAT HAS
ROUSED YOU FROM
YOUR JUNGLE HOME,
PHANTOM?

DO YOU
SEEK SOMETHING
SPECIAL?



SOMETHING
LIKE THIS,
PERHAPS?

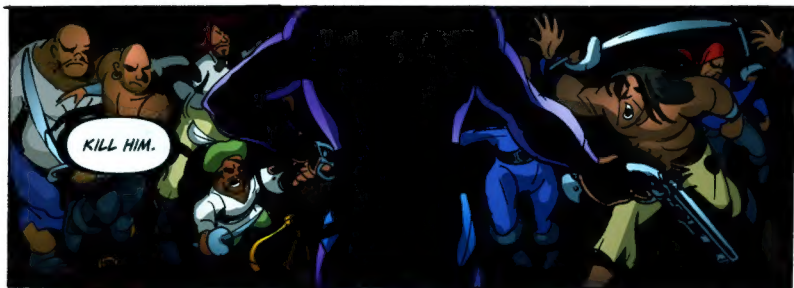


GIVE IT
TO ME
NOW

AND YOU'LL
SPARE YOUR CREW
A MULTITUDE OF
BROKEN BONES.



SUCH
CHARITY YOU
OFFER ME.









GOOD
LUCK WITH
THE FIRE.



Do I truly believe a mere
statue can be a vehicle
for mystical power?



UFF!

OOF!



I don't know.



But I've seen
too many
strange and
wondrous things
here in Bangalia,
and beyond,
to take that
chance.



Such a thing must not fall into the hands of those who would use it for ill purposes.



I must dedicate myself to finding those pieces that remain...



WHEE!



GOOD BOY, HERO.



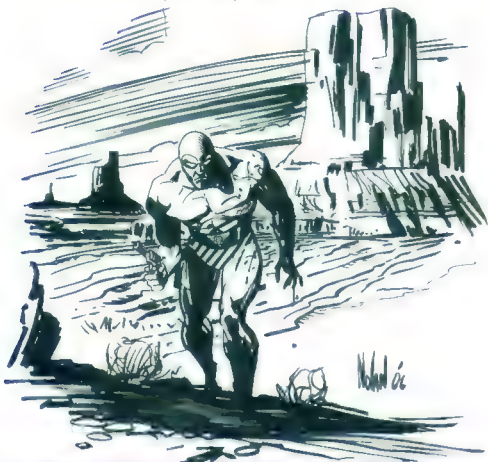
SOMETHING NEW FOR THE TREASURE ROOM.



...no matter how long it might take.



GRAHAM NOLAN



RUBEN PROCOPIO

Dragon
Strong
"Phantom
Animal"
Page 2.



* Sample -
The Girl
Kara! Sample
holding the
Dragon from
the ground
in sample 1



* Sample
Side -
Phantom Animal
Dragon the
dark object.



* The Phantom
holding the
complex
strong.

Phantom

Dragon
Strong
"Phantom
Animal"
Page 1



* Good animal
Chinese
Dragon



* Dragon
into "S"
separate
pieces

Phantom

FROM THE CHRONICLES
OF THE 11TH PHANTOM

May, 1782.

In Wallabout Bay,
the Redcoats established
a prison that rivaled any
in history for sheer misery
and cruelty.

More people died here
than General Washington
lost on the battlefields
of that bloody revolution.

Those who devised this unholy place
deserved to be hung, but they weren't
the only men in King George's navy
who'd made a deal with the Devil...

THE NAME...
IS SINGH.

CAPTAIN
CORCORAN.
I TAKE IT THIS
IS YOUR SHIP'S
SURGEON...
DOCTOR SINGER,
WAS IT?

YESSIR.
SORRY, SIR.

THE MAN YOU CAME
FOR IS DOWN
BELOW...



PARDON
THE SMELL...

-HAKK-



MUST BE FROM INDIA.
KEEPS NATTERING
ON ABOUT "BENGAL"
OR SOMESUCH.

...THE GHOST
...THE GHOST...



BANGALLA. NOW
LEAVE
US.

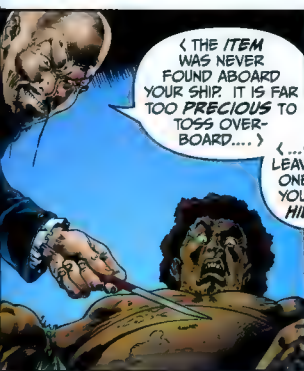


< DO YOU
KNOW WHO
I AM? >

< ...SINGH...
BROTHERHOOD... >

< ...DO YOUR
WORST... I WILL
NEVER TELL... >

< YOU DO
NOT HAVE TO
SAY A THING,
YOU CRETIN.
I ALREADY
KNOW ALL I
NEED TO
KNOW... >



< THE **ITEM** WAS NEVER FOUND ABOARD YOUR SHIP. IT IS FAR TOO **PRECIOUS** TO TOSS OVER-BOARD.... >

< ...SO THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE PLACE YOU COULD **HIDE** IT. >



MEANIN' NO DISRESPECT, SIR, BUT DOES THAT **WOG** ALWAYS ACT LIKE HE'S LORD O' THE ADMIRALTY?

BELAY THAT TALK, SON.

IF YOU'D SAILED THE SOUTH CHINA SEA AS I DID, YOU'D KNOW **BETTER** THAN TO INSULT A MAN NAMED SINGH.



WHAT DID THAT WRETCH SAY ABOUT A **GHOST**?



DUNNO, SIR. HE DOES IT EVERY DAY. SOMETHIN' 'BOUT "THE GHOST THAT TALKS."



CORRECTION...



...IT'S THE
GHOST WHO
WALKS.

I had learned of Captain
Corcoran's fealty to my
enemies the hard way.

Five years had it
been since his
man-o-war backed
the Singh invasion
of Mogadishu,
where I failed to
stop them.

Now they
were after
a weapon of
far greater
power than
a ship of
the line...



...and this time,
I swore to my
ancestors,
I would not fail.



A BIT FAR FROM
HOME, AREN'T YOU,
PHANTOM?

NEXT TIME I SEE
YOUR "BROTHERS,"
I SHALL TELL THEM WHAT
A DISAPPOINTMENT
YOU WERE.

ARUNE SINGH.

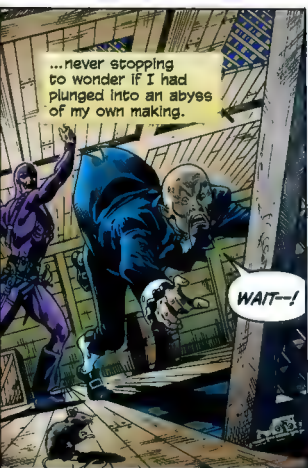


YOU'LL
NOT SAY A
THING ONCE I
CUT OUT YOUR
TONGUE!



My wife left me
when I returned
from Mogadishu.
She said I'd grown
more devoted to
vengeance than
to our family.

Without conjugal distraction,
I rededicated myself to my
sacred mission and sought
battle like no Phantom
before me...



...never stopping to wonder if I had plunged into an abyss of my own making.

WAIT--!



< DO YOU KNOW ME? >

< YES...
GUARDIAN OF BANGALLA... >

LET ME OUT!



< ...TRIED TO
...BRING IT TO
YOU... >

< SAVE YOUR
STRENGTH.
WE ARE NOT
FREE YET. >



Knowing that escape was unlikely without something to divert the guards, I exhorted the other prisoners to rise against their captors.

They stared at me, uncomprehending, as though I were yet another figment of their perpetual nightmare...



But when I shot over the heads of the lobsterback guards, the thunderclap of my Dragoon pistol broke the spell.

Suddenly, they remembered that they were fighting a war for Independence, and that freedom is often paid for in blood.



Too long had they languished in the H.M.S. Jersey, that most infamous of the "horrible hulks" — ships refurbished as floating jails and anchored within tantalizing sight of Manhattan and Brooklyn.



A dozen prisoners a day died of hunger and disease aboard "Hell Afloat." Now at least they could fight and die like men.

Or so I told myself as they covered my escape.

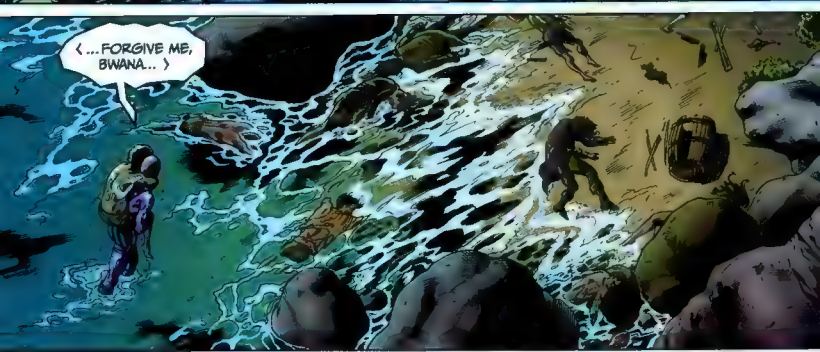


But if I thought the ship itself horrific, the waters around it were worse yet.



All those dead men were not afforded the dignity of a proper burial. They were dumped unceremoniously overboard...

...until the waters of Brooklyn's Wallabout Bay were a murderous stew the likes of which even Dante could never imagine.



< ...FORGIVE ME, BWANA... >



< ...I FOUND
THE **FRAGMENT**...
IT LOOKED JUST
AS YOU SAID IT
WOULD... >

< ...MY SHIP
WAS TAKEN AS I
TRIED TO BRING
IT HOME... >

< ...BUT I
KEPT IT SAFE...
I KEPT IT... >



Death claimed him
before he could
finish, but I knew
what must be done.

This man had been
a chieftain of Bangalla.
My father sent him and
others to search the
world for four lost items
of unspeakable power.



The Singh Brotherhood
would use them for ill.
This man, this hero,
swallowed his fragment
rather than surrender it.



Once again, the abyss yawned,
beckoning me still deeper into
darkness. And once again,
I answered the challenge.



In any case,
the prize was
recovered,
the mission
accomplished.



I had pushed past every
barrier set before me
and snatched victory
from my enemies.

But I had no sense of triumph.
Joy had long since fled my heart.

I leave this chronicle
as a **warning** to those
who carry on the mantle
of the Phantom.

Do not lose yourself in
our mission. Do not turn
your back on hearth and
home...on the things that
keep us human.

Lest, like me, you should
lose your soul along the
way, and be reduced to...
a ghost who walks.





< 1100 >



ALLAN GOLDMAN



FROM THE CHRONICLES
OF THE 16TH PHANTOM

There were seven when
they set out across
the Chihuahua wastes.

The desert made
them turn on one
another for minor
betrays or
suspicions.

A man made to test
a suspect waterhole
at gunpoint.

Another left to
die with his
hobbled mount.

That left only the four
hardest men when the
trail ended at San
Bernardo.



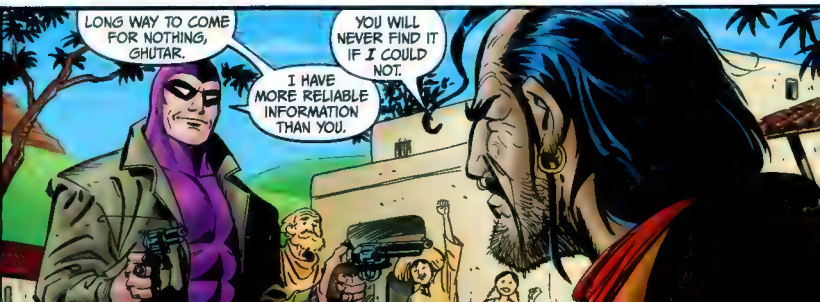
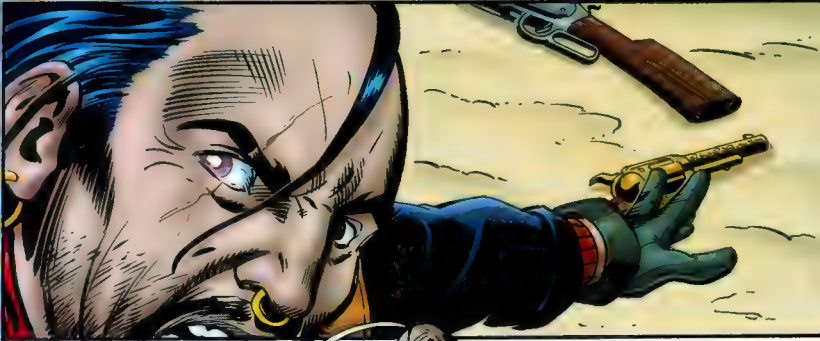




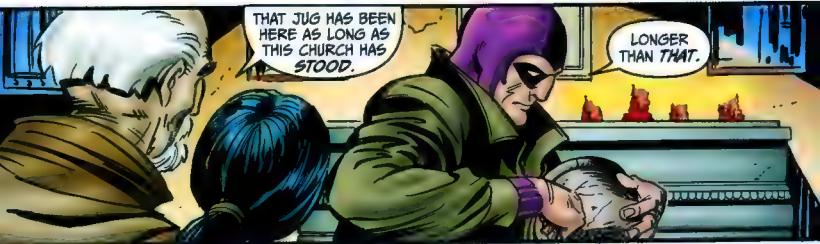








GENEROSITY SERVED
ME BETTER THAN
THREATS SERVED YOU.



THAT JUG HAS BEEN
HERE AS LONG AS
THIS CHURCH HAS
STOOD.

LONGER
THAN THAT.



THIS AMPHORA
WAS A GIFT TO THE
MIXTECS FROM A
TRAVELER LONG
AGO.

EVEN
THEY HAD
NO IDEA OF
ITS TRUE
NATURE.

A HUMBLE
WATER JUG...



YOU MAY HOLD THESE
MEN FOR WHATEVER
JUSTICE THAT
AWAITS THEM.



HAH!

YOU HAVE
NOT WON,
GHOST WHO
WALKS.

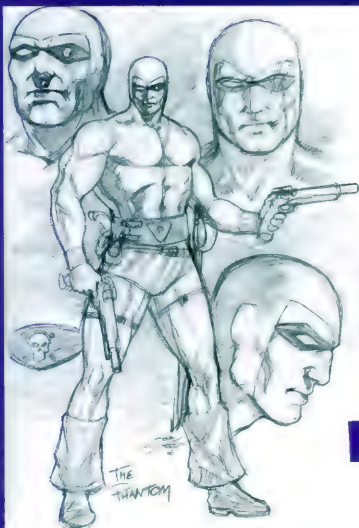


A HANDFUL
OF GOLD AND
THE RURALES OR
FEDERALES WILL
FREE US.

THEN
I WILL BE
ON YOUR
TRAIL ONCE
MORE.







JOE PRADO





< MASTER? >

< WE WILL
HAVE VISITORS
SOON! >

OMMMMMMMM...



< BUT IT IS TOO *SOON*
FOR THE DELIVERY
OF SUPPLIES FROM
THE VILLAGE,
IS IT NOT? >

< TODAY IS A
SPECIAL DAY,
LHAO. >
< TODAY WE
FULFILL A
PROPHECY. >

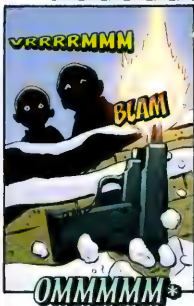
OMMMMMMMM...



< TODAY WE REALIZE
A VISION *FORETOLD*
MANY YEARS AGO.
A VISION OF *HOPE*.
OR OF *DOOM*. >

< *HOPE OR
DOOM*, MASTER?
HOW WILL WE
KNOW FOR
CERTAIN WHICH
IT WILL BE? >

OMMMMMMMM...



VRRRRMMM

BLAM

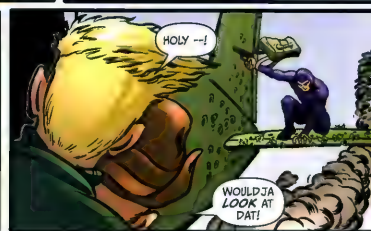
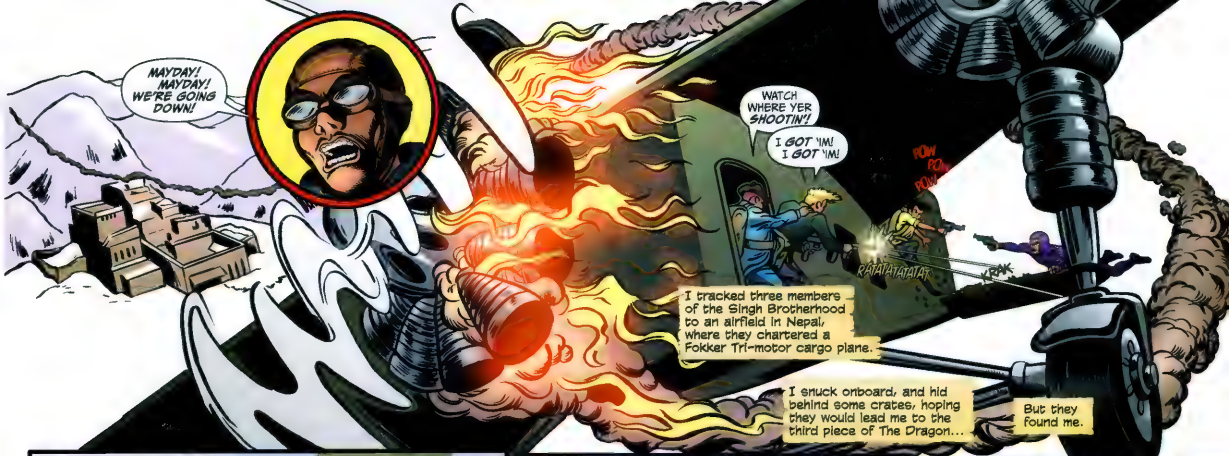
OMMMMM*



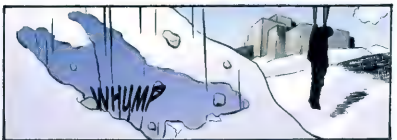
FROM THE CHRONICLES
OF THE 19TH PHANTOM

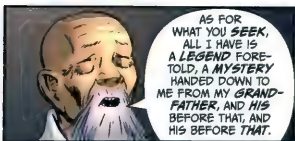
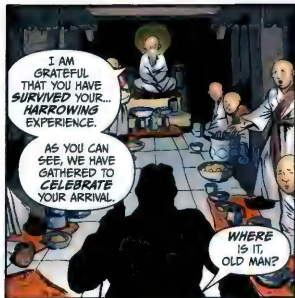
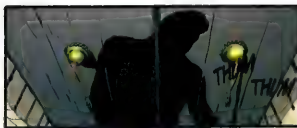
NOVEMBER, 1933

VRRRRRRRRRRRR











THE
PHANTOM!

WHY WON'T
YOU DIE?

DIDN'T
YOU HEAR?
I'M IMMORTAL.

NOW,
LET THE MONK
GO, SINGH.
IT'S OVER.

YOUR CODE
AGAINST KILLING
IS WELL KNOWN TO
THE BROTHERHOOD
OF SINGH! AND, AS I'M
SURE YOU'RE AWARE,
WE HAVE NO
SUCH CODE!

I THINK
NOT,
PHANTOM!
IN FACT,
I THINK
I'M HOLDING
ALL THE
CARDS!

NOW, PUT THE
GUN DOWN
OR THE MONK
DIES!!

SHUT
UP!



TAKE IT EASY.
DON'T HURT HIM...

PLEASE,
THERE IS NO
NEED--

THIS PLACE
IS LOUSY
WITH PRIESTS!
WHAT'S ONE
LESS, GIVE OR
TAKE? BUT DON'T
WORRY. ALL I
WANT IS THE
DRAGON...

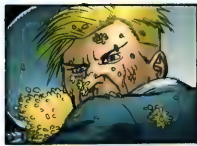
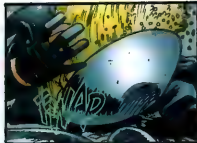


THE DRAGON,
AND YOUR
DEATH!

NO!

PHANTOM!





THANK YOU, LHAO, FOR RESCUING MY *GUN*. I THOUGHT I'D LOST IT IN SOME SNOW DRIFT.

OF COURSE, *PHANTOM*. THANK YOU FOR RESCUING MY MASTER!

AND NOW, HONORED GUEST, I EXPECT YOU WISH TO RETRIEVE THAT WHICH HAS CAUSED SO MUCH... TURMOIL?

YOU STAND NOW WHERE THE OTHER MAN STOOD.

WILL YOU FARE ANY BETTER THAN HE?

"HE SHALL STAND BEFORE YOU, A MAN OF THE MODERN WORLD. THE OBJECT HE SEEKS WILL OBVIOUSLY BE *BENEATH* A MAN OF HIS BEARING.

"WILL HE *HUMBLE* HIMSELF TO FIND IT?"

THE *JADE DRAGON*, WHEN COMPLETE, IS SAID TO BE POWERFUL, TRUE; THAT IS A *HUMBLING* THOUGHT.

SO, WHY WOULD I THINK IT *BENEATH* ME...?

AH! YES...

MMMPH!
MMMF-
MPH!





AS YOU CAN SEE, THE **SHERPAS** HAVE RESCUED THE OTHER MEN FROM THE AIRPLANE.

THEY WILL REMAIN OUR **GUESTS** FOR A TIME.

I'LL BRING IT WITH ME, TO JOIN ITS **MATES**, KEEP THEM **HIDDEN**. AND **SAFE**.

WHAT WILL YOU **DO** NOW, WITH YOUR **PRIZE**?



THE **BROTHERHOOD OF SINGH** WILL NOT REST UNTIL THEY HAVE THE **DRAGON**.

THEY **COVET** ITS AWESOME POWER.

LET THEM COME. I'VE SWORN AN OATH TO **PROTECT** THE **DRAGON**—AND ITS POWER—FROM THE ABUSE OF **EVIL MEN**. THE **SINGH** WILL FAIL.

KALI SHU. THANK YOU FOR YOUR **HELP**.

FAREWELL, MY FRIEND. KALI PAI.



LUCKY FOR ME YOU HAPPENED ALONG, MY FRIEND.

I **WASN'T** SURE HOW I WAS GOING TO **GET** DOWN TO THE **VILLAGE**! MANY THANKS.

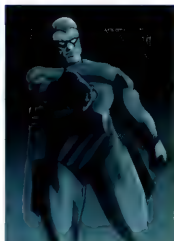
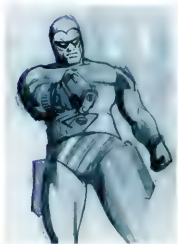
YOU ARE WELCOME, OF COURSE.

BUT WE **DIDN'T** "HAPPEN ALONG", AS YOU SAY.

THE **LAMA** SENT FOR US A WEEK AGO TO ACCOMPANY "A **MAN** IN A **MASK**" BACK TO THE **VILLAGE**!

BUT, HOW DID HE KNOW--?





JUAN FERREYRA



Present day.
Off the coast
of Alexandria,
Egypt.

Jin, an Asian antiquities dealer, contacted me last week,
explaining she'd found the fifth piece of the Dragon.

In my delight at this news,
I quickly granted her request to
see the remaining four pieces in
exchange for the fifth.

She asked that I meet her
at Golden Plaza Hotel in
downtown Alexandria
tomorrow at sundown.

PHANTOM!

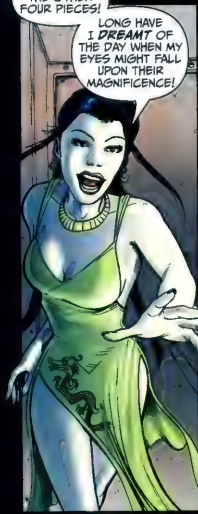
However, due to the
gravity of this mission,
I felt it best to arrange
a rendezvous...

...on my
terms.

GREETINGS,
MS. ZHONGYI.
IT'S A LOVELY
NIGHT FOR A
CRUISE, DON'T
YOU THINK?

THE TWINKLING
STARS PALE ONLY
IN COMPARISON TO
YOUR BEAUTY.

I TRUST
YOU HAVE
THE FIFTH
PIECE.

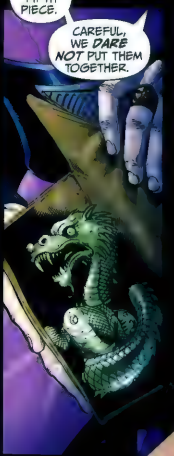


SHOW ME
THE OTHER
FOUR PIECES!

LONG HAVE
I *DREAMT* OF
THE DAY WHEN MY
EYES MIGHT FALL
UPON THEIR
MAGNIFICENCE!



I'VE YET
TO MEET A
WOMAN WHO ISN'T
FASCINATED
BY PRECIOUS
STONES.



LET ME
SEE THE
FIFTH
PIECE.

CAREFUL,
WE *DARE*
NOT PUT THEM
TOGETHER.



BUT I
WILL DARE,
GHOST WHO
WALKS...



IF YOU WANT
TO VANQUISH YOUR
ENEMIES, IT'S BEST TO
KNOW THEIR **WEAKNESSES**.
YOURS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN,
PHANTOM.



IT'S FINALLY
MINE. AFTER ALL
THESE CENTURIES,
THE DRAGON IS FINALLY
MINE. AND WHAT BETTER
WAY TO **END** THIS CHASE
THAN AT THE EXPENSE
OF THE MAN WHO
CANNOT DIE.



HOW
FITTING
THAT YOU'LL
WITNESS MY
VICTORY,
FIRST HAND.



SILENCE!
YOU HAVE WATERED
DOWN THE **STRENGTH**
OF THE SINGH NAME FOR
TOO LONG, PHANTOM.
I'D SAY IT'S ABOUT
TIME YOU MET
YOUR END.



YAKUZA,
MAFIA, AL QUEBADA,
TRIAD... THEY ARE ALL
WEAK COMPARED TO
THE SINGH AND TONIGHT,
WE WILL SHOW THE
WORLD!



OH,
SPARE
ME THE
SPEECHES,
TEMUR...



TONIGHT!
WE WIPE ALEXAN-
DRIA FROM THE MAP,
AND WITH IT, OUR ENEMIES,
WHO WOULD MEDDLE
IN SINGH AFFAIRS.



TONIGHT
THE WORLD
TREMbles AT
THE NAME...





DRAGON!
I, TEMUR SINGH,
AM YOUR MASTER
NOW!

**DESTROY
MY ENEMIES!**



NOT
SO FAST,
PURPLE MAN.



HANDS OFF,
ROUGHNECK!



HEAR ME,
O' MIGHTY **DRAGON!**
COME FORTH AND BRING
MY ENEMIES TO
THEIR...



IT LOOKS
LIKE YOUR WOULD-
BE PET ISN'T
LISTENING TO YOU,
TEMUR.

...KNEE-EYYYYSS!

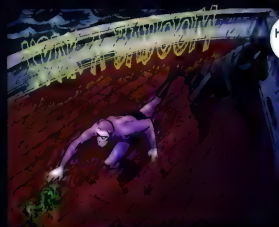


THE LEGENDS
FORETOLD!

I AM THE
DRAGON
MASTER!
THE DRAGON
WILL DO AS
I SAY!



I TAKE IT
YOU *SKIPPED*
THE PART OF THE
LEGEND THAT REFERS
TO THE DRAGON
MASTER BEING
FROM "PURE
BLOOD"?



IF I CAN'T
HAVE THE DRAGON,
AT LEAST I CAN
HAVE THIS...



KAPOW





< THERE,
UNDER THE
WRECKAGE,
IS THAT A
BODY? >*

< IT IS!
WE HAVE
TO HELP
HIM! >



< I THINK
HE'S STILL
ALIVE! IT'S A
MIRACLE!! >



I KILLED YOU,
GHOST WHO WALKS...
FINALLY KILLED
YOU...

* Translated from Egyptian,
Ghost Who Edits.



YOUR
MISSION IS
COMPLETE,
PHANTOM.



IT WASN'T
JUST MY MISSION,
GURAN, BUT THE
MISSION OF
MY FATHER...



... and his fathers
before him.

Every once in a while one of my friends will come to me with what sounds like a great idea. Said friend will pitch this idea, with excitement in their voice, dilated pupils, flaring nostrils and rosy cheeks. The idea will be full of promise, carrying that spark of adrenalin that fires up the imagination engines and has me, them and often many others charging full speed ahead before we really stop and take stock in exactly what we're getting ourselves into...

If I ever do take a moment to examine the potential obstacles, sizing each one up and estimating just what it will take to overcome it, I often find my zeal for the idea waning.

If you take your eyes off the goal, it's amazing how fast your drive to get there dissipates.

From another point of view, if your vision isn't locked on the prize from the start, the aforementioned friend must not have done a very good job selling you on the idea.

Lucky for you, this time the friend was Ron Marz and he is rather adept at selling ideas.

Rewind about a year and as I'm sitting at my computer, working diligently on a Phantom script for the regular series, Ron buzzes me and says, "Hey, I have an itch to write a Phantom story. How about we put together a Phantom annual with several different creative teams?"

Sure, it sounded like a lot of fun at the time. So have many other things I've done in the past that ended up with an unscheduled trip to the Emergency Room.

If I'd looked inside my toolbox that day, I'd have seen it was full of monkey wrenches just waiting to get tossed into our plan. Right then and there, I'd have told him to call me back when he had a better idea.

Once again, luckily for you, I didn't and neither did Ron.

In fact, Ron went out and dragged Chuck Dixon and Tony Bedard into the mess.

Within days, Ron and I were orchestrating what could only be described as controlled chaos. There were planning troubles, logistical nightmares, scheduling issues, unforeseen delays and even two artists who had to back out half way through.

There were times we wanted to scream, times we wanted to cry, times we wanted to run far, far away and times we wished we'd never had that fateful conversation last year.

However, now that I've seen the finished product, it was worth every ounce of effort.

I'd dub this a labor of love, but in reality, it's more an undertaking of insanity, a fool's errand performed by some of the most talented people I've ever seen. The results of which I think are nothing less than magnificent.

Enjoy.

Mike Bullock

BEHIND THE MASK

The Phantom Is Known By Many Names
By Ed Rhoades

Lee Falk's earliest mention of the Phantom's ancestry in the newspaper strip introduced Christopher Standish. Once a cabin boy for Christopher Columbus, Standish was now grown up and the captain of his own merchant ship. His son became the first Phantom. However, in the Scandinavian Phantom comic books, not Lee's stories, Chris became the surname of Mr. Walker.

In Lee's tales, when in the disguise as the mysterious person who "walks the streets as an ordinary man" he was simply referred to as Mr. Walker with a footnote that Walker stood 'for the ghost who walks.' When telling the story of his youth, it became necessary for the young Phantom to have a name, and Kip Walker was used for the Sunday story in the 1940's. Lee disliked the name Kip, which I suspect was originally presented by Alfred Bester when he was ghosting for Lee during WWII. Also at this time the Columbia serial, The Phantom, used yet another name, Jeffrey Prescott, for the young Phantom-to-be.

Lee retold the 'Childhood of the Phantom' in another Sunday adventure fifteen years later adding improvements and changing a few elements of the story like having the Phantom return to the jungle because his father was dying rather than his mother. His retelling of the story included making the young Phantom's name Kit, a name that was used thereafter in the syndicated strips.

In the 1996 Paramount film, The Phantom, the hero returns to the states where he is remembered by his love interest Diana as Kit Walker. The film is based on the very first Phantom strip and features another character named Jimmy Wells. Initially, Lee planned to have Jimmy Wells be the Phantom's secret identity. However, as the story progressed Lee decided instead to make his hero a mysterious jungle legend. Unlike Superman who is really Clark Kent, or Batman who is Bruce Wayne, The Phantom is The Phantom and Mr. Walker is his disguise. For the film, it was decided to treat the Kit Walker/Phantom duality like a more typical secret identity convention making it a departure from early newspaper stories.

Lee told me he initially intended to call his comic hero 'The Gray Ghost,' because there were already other Phantoms... Phantom of the Opera, The Phantom Detective. Then he decided there was room for one more Phantom.

'The Ghost Who Walks' and 'The Man Who Cannot Die' were names given to The Phantom because his sons succeeded him giving the impression of immortality to evil doers. Another name, Guardian of the Eastern Dark, was introduced in a daily story as a flashback to the 9th Phantom who began a longstanding battle against evil, slavery and drugs in a troubled land.

Even the creator's name was surrounded in mystery. At Lee's memorial service, his son Conley mentioned that when he asked his father or his uncle why they chose the name Falk for their family name, he was told a new story each time. As recently revealed by Jim Shepherd, Lee was born Leon Gross.

Lee's statement "The Phantom is known by many names" can also be applied to the global popularity of The Ghost Who Walks. Although even this is not a complete list, it testifies to the ubiquitous quality of the character. He is called Iiwuson in Thailand, Fantome in Yugoslavia, Kizilmaske in Turkey, Fantasma in South America, Fantomen in Sweden, Fantomet in Norway and Denmark, Musta Naamio in Finland, Pahmon in Russia, L'Uomo Mascherato in Italy, El Hombre Enmascarado in Spain and Argentina, and although I don't have examples of these last two comics, I'm told he is Fantoom in Estonia and Phantomas in Israel.

Ride along with
writer Mike Bullock
on the speeding
locomotive action
packed on-going
PHANTOM

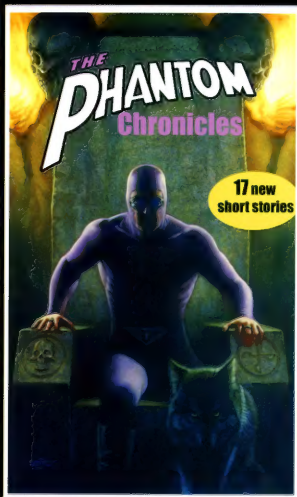
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